



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

confess and lament their sins, and should devoutly visit the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Rome, should receive a plenary indulgence.

An unfortunate circumstance, however, for the credit of the story is, that no mention is made of these centennial indulgences by any writer previous to 1800. Now, the influx of strangers which in those days a jubilee brought to Rome, was far beyond that which the Crystal Palace brought to London last year, with this difference, that the ordinary population of London, at present, being many times the ordinary population of Rome in those days, the effect produced by the concourse of strangers at Rome would be far more noticeable. It is incredible, therefore, that if, in the year 1200, such an event had taken place as the proclamation of a plenary indulgence (and, as a necessary consequence, an immense throng of visitors to Rome), no mention should have been made of the fact by any writer of the time—just as incredible as that no writer of the year 1851 should make any mention of the Great Exhibition. Accordingly we find Roman Catholic writers now very cautious about positively ascribing an earlier date to the first jubilee (although they are glad to insinuate that there were jubilees before 1300), and rather treat all inquiry into the date of the first jubilee as more curious than important. (See Introduction to the Instructions and Devotions for the Forty Hours' Adoration, published last month, with the approbation of Dr. Cullen.)

And yet it suggests some useful reflections, if we suppose that Pope Boniface was mistaken in the belief which he yielded to the story of the old gentleman, whose father had had the forethought to advise him how he should act if he lived a hundred years more. Such a mistake is not inconsistent with the received theory of the infallibility of the Pope; for even those who hold that he is infallible as to *doctrine* do not hold that he is *always* infallible, or that he is free from danger of error as to *facts*. It is true that the doctrines of the Christian religion all relate to matters of fact, and to such facts, too, as our natural powers cannot discover. But, however, it is supposed that when a Pope undertakes to decide, for example, whether the Blessed Virgin was conceived without sin many centuries ago, then he is free from danger of error; but that if he ventures to pronounce on what took place in his own city, only a hundred years before, then he is liable to mistake. Perhaps the truth is, that his mistakes are more easily exposed in the latter case than in the former. If he makes a mistake as to an event 100 years ago, many can contradict him; but if he pronounce wrong on an abstruse point of doctrine, he is tolerably free from all chance of detection.

This story may also give us an idea what dependence can be placed on oral tradition. Some people find it hard to conceive that the tradition of the church, in matters of doctrine, could ever alter, or that people could ever be persuaded to receive any new doctrine as if handed down to them from their fathers. But if people could be imposed on as to a fact that occurred in their own city a hundred years before, and made to believe (contrary to fact) that a remarkable assemblage had then been held among them, how much easier would it be to deceive them as to the antiquity of an abstruse point of doctrine, concerning which few of them, probably, had ever troubled their heads?

To return to the history of the jubilee. We have seen that Pope Boniface VIII. appointed the next recurrence of the jubilee at a distance of 100 years. People, however, were too impatient to wait so long. Doubtless the lodging-house keepers and shop-keepers of Rome were not disinclined to reap such another golden harvest as they had done in the year 1300. Accordingly, a little before the year 1350, very specious arguments were urged on the then Pope, Clement VI. He was reminded, that if jubilees were held only every 100 years, the shortness of human life is such, that numbers would be born after the end of one jubilee and die before the commencement of another, without having ever participated in the benefits of one. Convincing by this argument, and also by the fact that the jubilees were held among the Jews at intervals of every 50 years, Clement ordained that jubilees should be held in future every fifty years, and that the first, under the new rule, should be in 1350.

"The proclamation was diligently published in every part of Christendom, and excited an incredible ardour for the pilgrimage. During a winter of unusual inclemency the roads were thronged with devout travellers, many of whom were compelled to pass the night without shelter or nourishment, in the fear of robbery and the certainty of extortion. The streets of Rome presented, for some months, the spectacle of a vast moving multitude continually flowing through them, and inexhaustibly renovated. The three appointed churches were thronged with successive crowds, eager to throw off the burden of their sins, and also prepared to deposit some pious offering at every visit.

"The streets were perpetually full, so that every one was obliged, whether on foot or on horseback, to follow the crowd, and this made the progress very slow and disagreeable. The holy napkin of Christ was shown at St. Peter's, every Sunday and solemn festival, for the consolation of the pilgrims. The press then was great and indiscreet: so it happened that sometimes two,

sometimes four or six, or even twelve, were found there crushed or trampled to death.

"It is affirmed that, from Christmas to Easter, not fewer than a million, or even twelve hundred thousand strangers were added to the population of the pontifical city; for as many as returned home after the completion of the prescribed ceremonies were replaced by fresh bands, and those again by others, in such perennial abundance that, even during the late and unwholesome season of the year, the number was never reduced below two hundred thousand. Every house was converted into an inn, and the object of every Roman was to extort the utmost possible profit from the occasion; neither shame nor fear restrained the eagerness of their avarice. While the neighbouring districts abounded with provisions, the citizens refused to admit a greater supply than was scarcely sufficient to satisfy, at the highest expense, the simplest demands of the pilgrims. And thus those devotees, after surmounting all other difficulties, were at length delivered over to be starved as well as plundered by the inhabitants of the holy city."

We have given these details that the reader may have an idea what kind of a thing a jubilee was in those days, and that he may be able to judge whether it is likely that such an event would leave no trace on contemporary records.

It may be imagined that the return of an event which brought such temporal advantages to the people of Rome, and such spiritual blessings to its visitors, should be anxiously looked for, and that even fifty years should be thought too long to wait for it. Accordingly Pope Urban VI. ordained that jubilees should be held, in future, three times, instead of only twice in a century. The first under the new rule was proclaimed for the year 1390. Urban VI. did not live to preside over it, but it was held under his successor, Boniface IX. Again great multitudes presented themselves at Rome, unmoved by distance and expense, and even by the personal dangers which awaited them from the bandits of the mountains, or from the partisans of the rival Pope; for it must be told that at this time, and for many years after, the world beheld the strange spectacle of two Popes dividing the allegiance of Christendom, and each anathematizing the other and his adherents. Such a schism must have greatly affected the numbers of pilgrims to Rome, and made them much fewer than they would have been, had Boniface been acknowledged by the whole Christian world; but Boniface found a remedy for this. It was he who invented the *secondary* jubilee—such, namely, as that which is now offered to the citizens of Dublin. Hitherto the benefits of the plenary indulgence could not be obtained without a visit to Rome; Boniface first sent his emissaries among all the nations by whom he was acknowledged, with commission to sell the plenary indulgence to all indiscriminately for the same sum which the journey to Rome would have cost them. The change is ascribed, even by respectable Roman Catholic writers, to the avarice of the Pope, who became so prodigal of his indulgences, refusing them to none who paid for them, that he brought the article into contempt. But, notwithstanding, we can see a good reason for the change. For why should the benefits of plenary pardon of sin be confined to those who had it in their power to visit Rome? Why might not other Christians, whose strength, or means, or circumstances did not allow them to take a long journey, be admitted to the same privilege?

We have not space to tell how the jubilee was held again in Rome ten years after, in the year 1400, with larger concourse than before; how some of those who attended it perished miserably by the pestilence which then and waste the holy city; and how others, whose resources were exhausted through their devotions and their sufferings, when they applied for aid to the apostolic coffers, were dismissed them with a cold and contemptuous refusal. Nor shall we tell how the interval between the times of its celebration was finally reduced, by Paul II., to a period of twenty-five years.

Why it may not be held still oftener it is not easy to say; for if the treasure of the church be inexhaustible, the Pope need have no scruple to throw it freely open at all times. We have seen that all the changes which have been yet made, have tended to reduce the intervals at which jubilees have been held. Boniface VIII. thought it enough to throw the treasures of the church unreservedly open once every hundred years; but his successors found that they might safely exercise the same indulgence, first every fifty years, then every thirty-three years, then every twenty-five years. Boniface VIII. only granted these privileges to those who would visit Rome; his successors, to those of other nations—at first, who could afford to pay; but at present, without any direct payment for the indulgence, to those who give alms, according to their means, and subscribe, besides, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Still, even at an interval of twenty-five years, how many there are who, being of too tender years to profit by one jubilee, die before the announcement of the next? Or how many there are who, having even profited by one jubilee, run up afterwards a new account of sins, which never finds a similar opportu-

nity of remission? As long as man is liable to daily sin, the remedy he requires for the pardon of sin is one which must be applicable at all places and in all times.

Perhaps some future Pope may discover, that God has been more merciful than man in this matter, and that, not at intervals of 100, or 50, or 33, or 25 years, not at Jerusalem exclusively or at Rome, but everywhere, and at all times, the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord cleanseth from all sin.

DOCTOR BRICCOME'S VISIT TO BALLINTUBBER.

PERHAPS some of you may remember a story I told you a couple of months ago, about two farmers of Ballintubber, and may care to hear something more of your friends, Pat Callaghan and Dan Kelly. What I have now to tell happened a few years after the things I told you of in my last story, and about ten years after the Ballintubber property had come into Lord Kilmarty's hands. If any one who had known the place in Mr. Sherwin's time could see it now, he could hardly believe it to be the same place. I called it a little village in my last story; but now it had come almost to deserve to be called a small town. Where there had been before but a couple of lines of miserable cabins, ornamented with immense dung heaps, and separated by a road broken up with dirty puddles, through which you could hardly step your way, there was now a clean, well-paved street, with a number of slated houses, looking as neat as possible. Among them were some handsome shops, which showed that the ideas of the people of Ballintubber had become much more lofty, and their wants more numerous since we last heard of them. There was Mr. Martin the grocer, who sold not only tea, and coffee, and sugar, but soap, and candles, and rope, and cordage, and paper, and pens, and ink, and gunpowder, and brushes, and tin kettles, and all manner of odds and ends you can think of. Then, if you wanted to clothe yourself from head to foot, you might do it at Mr. O'Carroll's, and your wife, too, into the bargain. Very handsome things Mr. O'Carroll had to sell; and he boasted that Lady Kilmarty confessed that she could not get better in Dublin (for I should not forget to tell you that there was now a young Lady Kilmarty; Lord Kilmarty had brought her home with him, about three years before, and a very good lady she was). Well, and there was Mr. Jones the apothecary, who had found it worth his while to set up a shop in Ballintubber; and, people said, was doing a very good business. It was not that the place was more unhealthy than it used to be: quite the contrary. Since Lord Kilmarty had had it better drained and kept more clean, there had been much less of agues and fever, with which they had formerly been a good deal troubled. Still it seems that there was work enough, not only for old Dr. Brady, who had lived at Ballintubber since Mr. Sherwin's time, but also for the young dispensary doctor, Dr. Farrell, who had come since. And, besides, there were many who, like Dan Kelly, when there was sickness in their families, seldom troubled either of these doctors; but just got some doctor's stuff from Mr. Jones.

However, at the time I am now talking of, Mr. Jones was nearly relieved, on a sudden, of all his customers, by a great Italian doctor who one day unexpectedly made his appearance at Ballintubber. An immense sensation was made in the little town by the singularity of his appearance and the manner of his entry. I don't know that I have ever seen any one like him in this country, though I have abroad. He was dressed in a splendid black robe, enriched with ornaments, of which Mr. O'Reilly himself could not tell the meaning. He came in a kind of caravan, or close carriage, such as travelling showmen carry their shows about in; and he was attended by three servants, dressed in a style of such magnificence as had never been seen before in Ballintubber. They had always thought Lord Kilmarty's liveries the height of grandeur; but they thought his lordship's livery looked no better than a workhouse uniform compared with the brilliance of the new comers. The caravan took up its station in the fair-green quietly enough; but then the doctor sent his servants about the town, performing on instruments of music, and halting from time to time, while the leader of them addressed the people on the wonderful powers of his master, and circulated handbills among them. They had soon a crowd after them. First came the children, attracted by the music; for they had seldom heard anything finer than a stray barrel organ, which occasionally, at long intervals, made its way down there; so that you may imagine such a military band as made its appearance now was something to be wondered at. And the grown people were soon not ashamed also to follow the procession. And their curiosity was still more strongly excited when they heard the speeches of the chief servant, and read the handbills which he distributed. These bills ran somewhat as follows:—

GOOD NEWS FOR BALLINTUBBER,
ARRIVAL OF THE
CELEBRATED ITALIAN PHYSICIAN,

THE WORLD-RENNOWNED
SIGNOR BRICONE,

THE INFALLIBLE DOCTOR;
WHOSE MEDICINES ARE INVARIABLY ATTENDED WITH
NEVER-FAILING SUCCESS!!!

Abandon the poisons with which ignorant quacks have been dosing you: those who take their so-called medicines must inevitably, sooner or later, perish from their pernicious consequences, for Doctor Briccone is in possession of

THE ONLY SURE ROAD TO HEALTH!!!

Then followed a list of marvellous cures performed by the doctor, of which I may have more to tell you presently. Such tempting announcements as these could hardly fail of being successful. The people ran together from all sides; the crowd swelled like a snowball, and by the time that the procession had made the circuit of the place there was hardly a soul left in Ballintubber, and there was such an assembly before the doctor, on the fair green, as you could hardly match at the busiest hour of the fair day. It was a fine summer evening when our two friends, Dan Kelly and Pat Callaghan, had finished their work, and they didn't pretend to be wiser than their neighbours; so there they were on the fair green too, and, what's more, their wives and children also, from Tim Callaghan, who was a fine, likely lad, able to do a good day's work himself, to little Mary Kelly, who was so young that she wanted to lay violent hands on one of the brass instruments, when the men had stopped playing, and cried because her mother would not allow her to keep it. So when the doctor had got all the people together, he made a speech to them to something like the following effect:—"I am glad to see so many of you assembled here this evening, my good people. It makes me think that you will be grateful to me for the trouble I have taken on your account. Here I am, after having travelled thousands of miles, and all for your good. I wished that the people of this country should share in the benefits which I have conferred on Italy, and France, and Spain. My heart bleeds when I think how many of you must have suffered from cruel diseases; how many a family must have struggled with hunger while its poor father has been laid on a bed of sickness; ("That was our case this time five years, Pat, acushla," said Biddy Callaghan to her husband;) how many an unfortunate creature is now lying in its cold grave that might have been saved, if I had been able to come sooner among you. And what help have you had in your troubles? A set of ignorant impostors, who call themselves physicians, who don't know how to cure you, and who give you, when you are sick, poisons which must be fatal to you in the long run."

The doctor was going on with much violent abuse of the regular physicians of the place, but Pat Callaghan, who never wanted for pluck, spoke out:—

"I will not hear Mr. Jones run down in that manner, for I know him to be a very knowledgeable man, and very good he has been to me." And then others of the people took courage, and Dr. Farrell and Dr. Brady had friends to speak in their favour. But Dr. Briccone was not in the least disconcerted. "Listen to me, good people," cried he. "I don't, in the least, blame you for speaking up for those whom, in your ignorance, you think your friends. But if you will stay awhile I will prove to you, and make it quite clear to you, that you have been mistaken, and that these doctors of yours have been going on a system which cannot possibly be right. Tell me now, do you suppose that God Almighty intended that people should always be racked with pain and plagued with diseases, without any hope of recovery from them? or do you think that he has been merciful enough to provide medicines by which men may be cured of their sicknesses?"

"Oh," said Pat, "no doubt he has, glory to his name. It would be a bad world all out if, when one got sick, he could never get cured again."

"Very good," said the doctor; "you see that if God sends us diseases, he sends us cures too; and there's not a disease in the world that he has not provided a remedy for. But answer me this, what good would his providing a remedy be if he did not put us in the way of knowing what it was? Suppose now that you," said he, singling out Dan Kelly, "were on the flat of your back, with a bad sickness; and suppose there was an herb that would cure you in five minutes, what would you be the better of it, if you did not know what it was or where it was to be found?"

"Sorra much," said Dan.

"Or suppose that your friends went by guess-work, trying first one medicine and then another, on the chance that maybe they might hit on the right one?"

"They might be trying a long time," said Dan.

"Don't you see then," said the doctor, "it stands to reason that God would not put cures for all your complaints in the world, without also providing some one able always to tell you what the right cure is? If the world was full of excellent medicines they would be of no use to you, unless you had some one able to point them out to you; you see, then, that it is *necessary* that there should be some one always at hand to be consulted and ready to tell you, without the possibility of mistake, what the right cure for your sicknesses is—not

one who should go by guess-work (like your doctors here, who, for the most part, guess wrong), but one who should always *know with certainty* how to make you well."

"I don't think the doctors here are so bad," said Pat Callaghan. "I'll always say that my little Julia owed her life, under God, to Mr. Jones's care, last autumn."

"I don't say," said Dr. Briccone, "that they might not make one cure now and then. The fact is, that they have got one or two of my medicines, and as far as that goes they are all right; but the greater part of my cures they know nothing about, and they give you poison instead, which will be sure to bring all that trust in them to the grave. However, to come back to what I was saying—I have showed you that *what you want* is not a doctor who should be groping in the dark, even if he were right, now and then, by accident, but one who should know with certainty what he was doing, and who should be *always* able to tell how to cure you. Now, can you tell me are your doctors here always in the right, and are they able to tell how to cure every disease that comes among you?"

"Well," said Pat, "I must own they can't; for when the cholera was here, scores died in spite of them, and I remember it was said that the doctors were at their wit's end, and could not tell what to make of it."

"Exactly," said the doctor. "There now you see the difference. Now, the reason I am called the infallible doctor is, that I *always* know the right cure. I am never puzzled. I never have any doubt or hesitation. The moment I see a patient, if God's time has not come to take him, I can tell what will make him well again."

"Well, sir," said Pat, "you have made it plain enough that this is the kind of doctor we want; and I believe you are right in saying that it is not to be supposed God would give us medicine without sending us some one who could show us how to use it. But how are we to know that you are the right person, that you are the real infallible doctor?"

To this question the doctor began by telling them a story of a celebrated physician long ago, whom every one acknowledged to be always right then, and who, he said, lived in the same town from which Dr. Briccone came; and, consequently, that it was plain he must be his genuine successor, and be in possession of all his cures. I cannot repeat to you exactly what he said, for he did not seem to make out his case very clearly, and I suppose he thought so himself, for he soon tried a new tack:—

"If I am not the infallible doctor," said he, "I defy you to say who is. Did you ever hear of any one claiming to be so but myself? Does Dr. Brady pretend to always right? or Dr. Farrell? or Mr. Jones? You know very well they dare not say so. Then, as I have made it plain to you that there must be an infallible doctor somewhere, and as no one but myself ventures to say he is the person, you cannot have any doubt in trusting to me. I am known all over the world. I sell 700 millions of my pills every year. I have agents in every place you can think of. And will you go and prefer to me creatures like Mr. Jones, that no one ever heard of outside the town of Ballintubber? Another point I wish you to mind is, that my medicines are the same everywhere. Wherever you are, at Paris or Madrid, or at Rome or Lisbon, if you tell your complaint to one of my agents, they will always give you the same medicine. They never differ with each other. Dr. Briccone's medicines are always the same. Now, tell me honestly, can you say the same for your doctors? Even in your little town, do your doctors agree among yourselves?"

"In troth they don't," said Dan Kelly, "for when Mr. Jones could not cure my Kitty, this time two years, he advised me to call in Dr. Farrell, and Dr. Farrell said that what Mr. Jones had been doing was quite wrong, and he prescribed quite a different set of medicines. And I have heard that Dr. Brady and Dr. Farrell are dreadfully jealous of each other, and that Dr. Farrell says Dr. Brady's method of practice is out of date, and that Dr. Brady says there is more harm than good in Dr. Farrell's new-fangled remedies."

"Out of date!" said Dr. Briccone. "No wonder; they are always changing. I never change; I sell the same pills now my father and my grandfather sold before me. But here, you see, even in this little place, where you have only three medical men, they cannot agree together; and what would you say if you could know the varieties in the medicines used by all the different physicians in England and Ireland? and, much more, if you could know how totally different the medicines used on the Continent are? Why, half the medicines they use abroad they never hear of here; and if you were to take a prescription, written by a physician here, to an apothecary abroad, he could not tell how to make it up, and the chances are that he might never have heard of some of the medicines mentioned in it. The fact is, *truth is one, errors are numberless*; and when once people abandon Dr. Briccone's infallible pills, there is no knowing what quackeries they will take up with; they fall into the hands of a set of impostors, each of whom has his own nostrum, but no two of whom agree with each other. There is no end to the absurd-

dities people fall into when they forsake my infallible medicines. There are parts of England where people expect to be cured by being breathed on by a piebald horse, or by eating fried mice, or drinking toad broth, or by using charms made of hanged men's bones; while others lose their faith in doctors altogether, and imagine there is no use in medicine at all."

"This doctor seems a very sensible man," said Dan Kelly to Pat Callaghan. "I wonder is it safe to take his medicines?"

"Safe!" cried Dr. Briccone, who overheard him; "I will show you that it is far safer to trust to me than to any one else. I defy any of the doctors here to say that my medicines will be certain to do you injury."

"Why, as I was running here," said Pat Callaghan, "I was stopped by Mr. Jones, who asked me where I was going; and when I told him, he said I was a fool to go listen to a quack who wanted to sell me bread pills at a shilling a dozen."

"Listen to that, good people," said Dr. Briccone. "There you hear what the utmost malignity of my enemies ventures to say of me. Even Mr. Jones, whose interest it is to cry me down as much as possible, does not venture to charge me with selling anything worse than bread pills; he does not venture to say my medicines are unwholesome. Now, I tell you *his* medicines are poisons. So now judge which is the safest to trust to. I tell you, if you take his medicines, you will undoubtedly be poisoned. He does not dare to say that if you take my medicines you will be the worse of them. So it is quite clear that it is safer for you to come to me than to go to him. Now, it does not become me to speak, but my servant there will tell you what wonderful cures I have performed."

So then Dr. Briccone sat down, and the servant began his history of his master's miraculous remedies. First his stories, though marvellous enough, were not altogether out of the way; but when he found the people swallow these readily, he told them some such tremendous whoppers as I hardly know how to repeat. I should tell you that Dr. Briccone did not appear to listen to what his servant was saying; and if he was asked whether any particular story, told by the servant, was true, he would answer in a dignified way:—"I cannot be expected to remember every cure I perform. My servant is a very honest man; I would keep no one about me that was not, and I dare say you can trust him. And if I did not perform the particular cure you ask about, you may be sure of this, that I have performed others just as wonderful." However, as the stories, of which I will give you a specimen or two, were printed on the doctor's handbills, and circulated with his approval, I suppose it is fair to consider him answerable for them.

"Look at these pills," said he; "these are what the doctor uses in all cases of palsy. If a person has lost the use of his limbs for years, one box of these pills is sure to make him walk as well as ever."

After telling some cases of the cures of men who had been bedridden for years, he went on to say:—

"Some years ago, in France, there was a man, named Denis Parry, who had been formerly cured by our pills, but in the time of the troubles there, he was condemned to death, and his head was cut off. Well, his wife put two or three of my master's pills into his mouth, and up he got, and walked as well with his head in his hand as ever he had done with it between his shoulders. And, for all I know, he might be walking to this day; but when he had gone a mile, or perhaps it might be a little more, the pills were shaken out, and fell down through the hole in his neck; then he lay down in the place where he was, and there you may see his tomb to this day."

At this story there was a general exclamation.

"Don't be surprised at this," said the servant; "I have other stories to tell you far more surprising than this. You must know that my master had a great magazine of these pills in a house in the same country where Jerusalem is. Since that time he has learned never to keep so many of them together in the same place, but then he did not know there was any danger. Well, these pills have so much virtue in conferring the power of motion, and there were so many of them together, that the whole house where they were, moved off. It took its flight across the seas, and it did not fix itself until several of the pills were shaken out; then it settled down in Italy, where it is to this day."

"Thunder and turf!" cried Pat Callaghan; "did mortal ever hear the like of that? That's more than ever I could believe."

"You need not believe it if you don't like," said the servant. "My master's pills will cure you all the same whether you do or not. But would you believe your own eyes? Well, I saw it with my own eyes. I lived near that house in Italy for a year; and these men here (pointing to the other servants) can testify that they saw it as well as myself. But the best proof I can give you is, that thousands have visited the house, and they (who have the best right to judge whether the story be true or not) have left such presents behind them there, that if the house was inclined to move off again, my master could ballast it with the guineas it has brought him in."

There was no disputing such evidence as this. The sale of the pills went on merrily, and at nightfall the crowd poured back to Ballintubber, well laden with Dr. Briccone's medicines, and leaving a good deal of their loose cash behind them. For though the doctor had come among them from motives of pure benevolence, yet it appeared that all his plans tended very much to the filling of his own pockets. And, indeed, he owned that the chinking of the money in his purse was quite essential to the efficacy of his medicines. Dan Kelly was among the largest of his purchasers. Pat Callaghan was very much disposed to believe in him too, but he was a more cautious man. He had a long talk with the doctor at the end of his public speech, and he thought he would like to have a talk with Lord Kilmarty too, before making up his mind. So next morning, at the hour that he knew Lord Kilmarty was in the habit of coming out to walk about his farms, Pat steered his way up towards the great house, and sure enough he did not fail of meeting his lordship.

"Good morning, Pat," said he.

"Good Morrow kindly, your lordship," said Pat.

"Well, Pat," said he; "I hear you had great doings last night. Were you down on the fair green with the rest?"

"Why, then," said Pat, "if that was not the very thing that I wanted to have a talk with your lordship about, and to know what your lordship's opinion was; for I was there sure enough; and I think I never heard a finer spoken man than this new doctor that's come here; and he made it clear to me that he was the only man that could cure myself and all my family of whatever sicknesses we had; but still I thought it better not to deal with him until I heard what your lordship would say about him."

"Well, Pat," said Lord Kilmarty, "I'd like to hear how he made this clear to you."

"Why, my lord, you know neither Dr. Brady, nor Dr. Farrell, nor Mr. Jones, can say that they are always certain of being right in the medicines they order; and when they meet a strange case they are often in doubt, and, perhaps, they don't agree with each other; but this doctor says that he is never in doubt, and that his medicines never fail, and that his agents never disagree with each other, but sell the same pills all the world over."

Lord Kilmarty smiled, and said—"Why, I thought, Pat, you were too sensible a man to trust to any man just because he gave himself a good character. Is it common sense of you to think that he must be a better doctor than your old friend, Mr. Jones, just because he talks bigger and brags louder, and will not own that he may happen sometimes to make a mistake?"

"But, my lord," said Pat, "if this is not the real infallible doctor that never makes a mistake, who else can it be? for I never heard of any one else but himself that claimed to be the man."

"Why," said Lord Kilmarty, "what makes you think that any doctor is infallible?"

"That is what he showed us, my lord," said Pat; "that the Lord would never have sent medicines into the world, without providing some one who could tell us where to find them; and that he would not leave our health and our lives depending on guess-work, and on doctors that were not certain how to make a right cure."

"Pat," said Lord Kilmarty, "do you see the eagle's nest in the cliff above there? I wish you would spread your wings and fly up there, and bring down the young birds."

Pat did not open his wings, but he opened his eyes instead.

"Because," continued Lord Kilmarty, "wings must be a very useful thing to have; and I am sure you must have got a pair; for do you think that the Almighty would give wings to crows, and sparrows, and tomtits, and not give a pair to you, that they would be of so much more use to?"

"I take you now, my lord," said Pat; "but, with submission, the case is very different. For though wings would be very pleasant to have, still we can do very well without them; but one's health is a matter of so much importance to us, and it is such ruin to a poor man to be laid upon a bed of sickness, that I think it stands to reason that if God was merciful enough to provide a way for us to get well, he would not fail, also, to give us a certainty of finding it out."

"I am quite sure of this," said Lord Kilmarty, "that it would be a very pleasant thing never to be sick, or else to be quite sure of getting well again at once, if one did ever get sick; but I fear this would be too much happiness for this world. What I meant, talking to you about wings, was, to show you that we had no right to conclude that God has given us such and such things, merely because we think they would be very useful to us. We have no right to set up ourselves as God's judges, or to dictate to him how he ought to have made us, or to imagine that he must have dealt with us in the manner we could wish as the most desirable. If we had such a certain way of recovering from sickness as you speak of, perhaps we should be careless about avoiding sickness, and taking proper care of our healths. And if we were to indulge our conjectures, we

should have fancied there would be no such thing as sickness in the world at all."

"Well, my lord," said Pat, scratching his head, "I don't know what to say again your lordship; but I find it hard to get out of my head, but when God sent us medicines he would be sure to send us also an infallible doctor, to tell us with certainty what the right medicines are."

"Perhaps," said Lord Kilmarty, "you may be able to get this into your head, that you might also say, that if God had given us an infallible doctor, he would also have given us a way of knowing, with certainty, who the real infallible doctor was—some better way of knowing than merely to see who bragged most. For you must know that though Dr. Briccone does sell a great many of his pills, there are a great many more people, and those very sensible men, who don't believe in him at all, and say that he is no more infallible than you or I; and, so far from that, that his pills are very unwholesome. I grant you, that if he could prove that he performed those miraculous cures he prints in his handbills, then we might have some reason for trusting him; but his own friends only laugh at these stories, and you see he is very cautious about pledging himself to them. So I may ask you what's the use of God's sending an infallible doctor into the world, when he does not give us an infallible way of finding him out? And," continued Lord Kilmarty, "as you are guessing what it is likely God would do, I will guess this, that if he did send us an infallible doctor, the man so favoured with wisdom would not be a profligate and abandoned character. Now, I know something of this Dr. Briccone's history, and I can tell you that his life, at times, has been so loose and immoral that I would be ashamed to tell you the particulars of it."

"I think, my lord," said Pat, "you must have heard these stories from some of the doctor's enemies."

"Enemies!" said Lord Kilmarty, taking a newspaper from his pocket, "not at all. See here this advertisement from Mr. Baron, one of the doctor's agents, who puffs off his pills as well as any man alive; and look here, he confesses that, some years ago (ay, when the doctor was a middle-aged man), he was a monster of infamy! To be sure, he has reformed his life somewhat now; but at the time I am speaking of he sold his infallible pills, and Mr. Baron says they had just as much virtue as now."

"Well but," said Pat, "after all, is it not safer for me to take the doctor's pills? for he has made me afraid of being poisoned by Mr. Jones, and I don't hear that Mr. Jones says as much harm of him."

"Yes, you sensible man," said Lord Kilmarty. "Surely, it is safe to trust to the man that brags the loudest of himself, and says the most harm of his rivals. But as for the safety of these pills, I wish you would get me a few of them, and I will have them analyzed by a good chemist, and then I will tell you whether they are harmless or not."

"I can't do that, my lord," said Pat; "for the doctor says that his pills must be swallowed without examination; and that it would ruin their virtue if any one was to try to find out what is in them. And he will not give them to any one who does not promise to use them without attempting to examine what they are."

"That looks very suspicious, my friend Pat," said Lord Kilmarty; "I think if he knew there was no harm in them he would not have such an objection to their being examined."

"Well, I might think so, my lord," said Pat, "only for this:—You see he has seven thousand agents in different parts of Europe, and I can't think that they would all agree in selling the same pills unless they knew that they had none but wholesome ingredients."

"But," said Lord Kilmarty, "you have just told me the very thing that makes this agreement of his agents a fact of no value at all. Your doctor made the most of the differences between the regular physicians, and yet you know that it is only in very difficult and uncommon cases that they have any doubts or differences. In all the common sicknesses that may happen to you, you will find they all follow the same method. Now, this is an agreement which will give you some confidence. When Dr. Brady and Dr. Farrell tell you that Mr. Jones is treating you quite right, you have good reason to think that he is; for you know that they are judging for themselves; they are not in league with Mr. Jones, and, perhaps, they might be well pleased enough if they could show that he was going wrong. So when you find all the regular physicians agree, you have good reason for thinking them in the right. But now, when Dr. Briccone's 7,000 agents all agree in selling the same sealed packages of pills, which they must not examine for themselves, and cannot even tell what is in them, they have no better warrant for the pills being good than that they heard Dr. Briccone say so; and their agreement does not make you a bit more sure of their virtue than you were when you heard him praise them yourself."

Pat had a good deal more conversation with Lord Kilmarty, and the end of it was, that he determined on sticking to Mr. Jones, in spite of all Dr. Briccone's big words. But for all that, Dr. Briccone drove a very good trade at Ballintubber. I cannot say that he had

much success in curing any of the diseases I ever heard of before; but he frightened the wits out of the people by telling them of a new and dreadful disease that would come upon them shortly. He described so vividly the pains this disease would cause them, the violent purgings, and the hot burnings, which he swore would equal the torments of hell, that the people, and especially the women, were half mad with fright, and came in crowds to purchase his remedies against this dreadful disease. These remedies principally consisted of pills, which Mr. Jones asserted were only bread, but which Dr. Briccone was positive were quite another thing.

He had other remedies, indeed, but they were very nauseous and disagreeable. He praised very much those people who would take them. But to those who disliked them (what struck me as very funny) he sold licences to do without taking them: and he promised that by merely looking at a pill-box, or by seeing a man take a pill, they should get as much benefit as if they had taken so many bottles of his medicine. For you must know that Dr. Briccone asserted, that those who took more of his medicine than their health required did not injure their stomachs by it, as you might imagine, but, on the contrary, laid in a stock of extra health, which he had the power of selling to his other customers. I suppose these remedies must have had great virtue, for I never heard of any one suffering from this new disease. However, they paid Dr. Briccone very well, and he has a shop open in Ballintubber for the sale of them to this day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to apologize to Mr. Power for postponing his letter till our next. Want of space obliges us also to postpone several other valued communications. If our correspondents would recollect the limited space of our columns, when forwarding letters or articles, it would prevent much embarrassment and disappointment.

We beg to thank J. D., J. F. G., Rev. J. H. S., and Rev. J. W. for their obliging suggestions.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 9, Upper Sackville-st. No anonymous letter can be attended to. Whatever is sent for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for his good faith.

Contributors of £1 per annum will be furnished with six copies, any of which will be forwarded, as directed, to nominees of the subscriber. Any one receiving any number of the journal which has not been paid for or ordered by himself, will not be charged for it and may assume that it has been paid for by a subscriber.

The Catholic Layman.

DUBLIN, OCTOBER, 1852.

DURING the last month our thoughts have dwelt continually on the subject of our last article in this part of our paper. A people, the most ancient, perhaps, now in Europe, journeying by HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS across a mighty ocean, to seek new homes in the far west wilderness of a new world—alike for the distance of the journey, and the multitude of travellers, this vast movement stands unparalleled in the history of mankind.

And of us who remain, who has not sent some loved one of their hearts and homes to join that mighty band of exiles on the homeless sea and distant shore? Who has not seen or felt the partings, when the aged parent has blessed his long and much-loved child on setting out upon that long journey that anticipates the solemn separation of the grave? Which of us has not sought himself, or seen those round him seek, the long-wished-for letter that brings some little tidings of those we shall see no more on earth, but by taking ourselves the long, long journey that they have taken? Who has not witnessed the wasting grief of those who seek for months and years the never-coming letter, until the despairing conviction comes, that those whom we have loved we shall hear of no more on earth, till the sea shall give up its dead?

Such are the trials, deep and great, of a whole nation on its journey to a distant world. Such